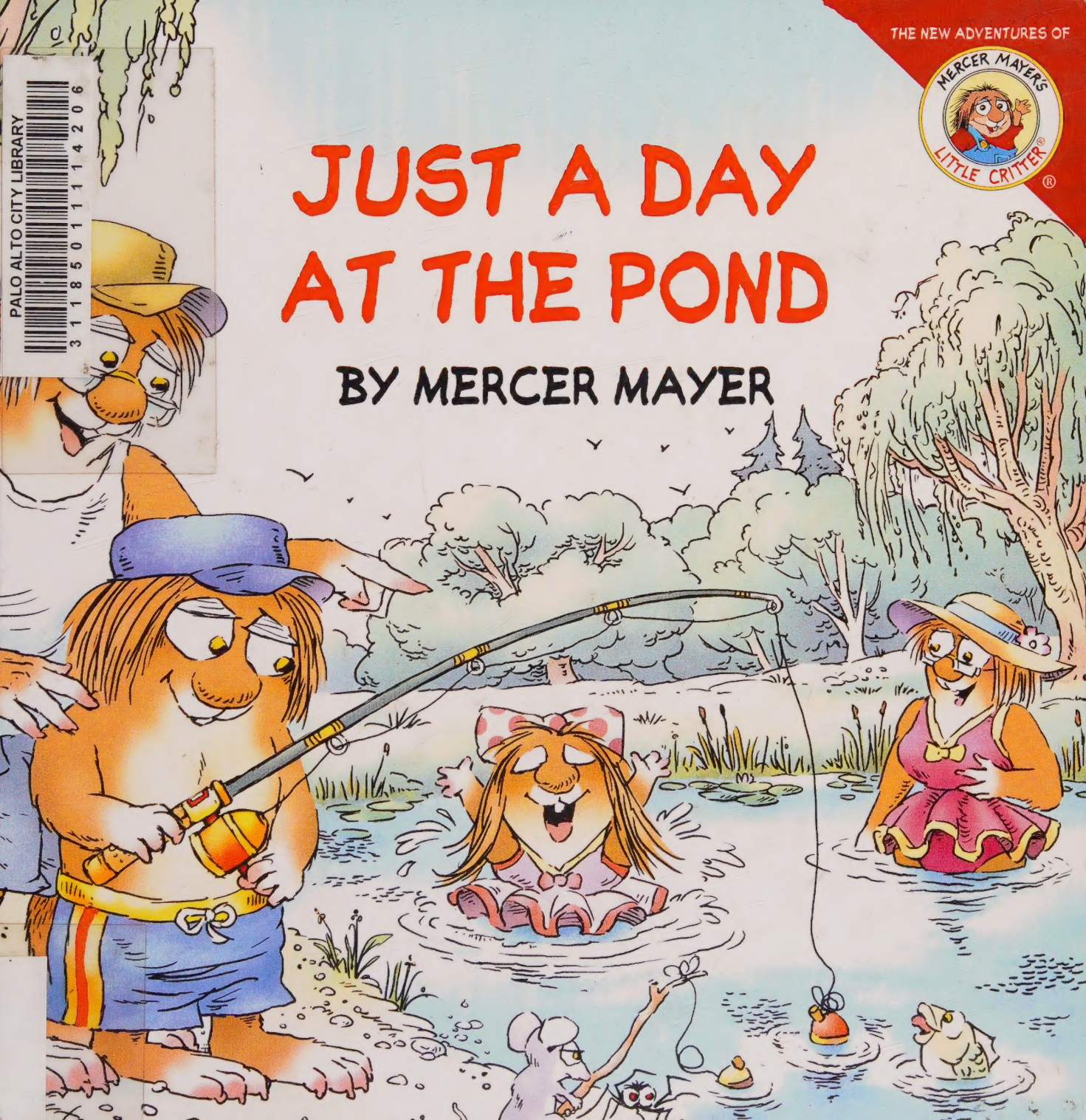


THE NEW ADVENTURES OF



JUST A DAY AT THE POND

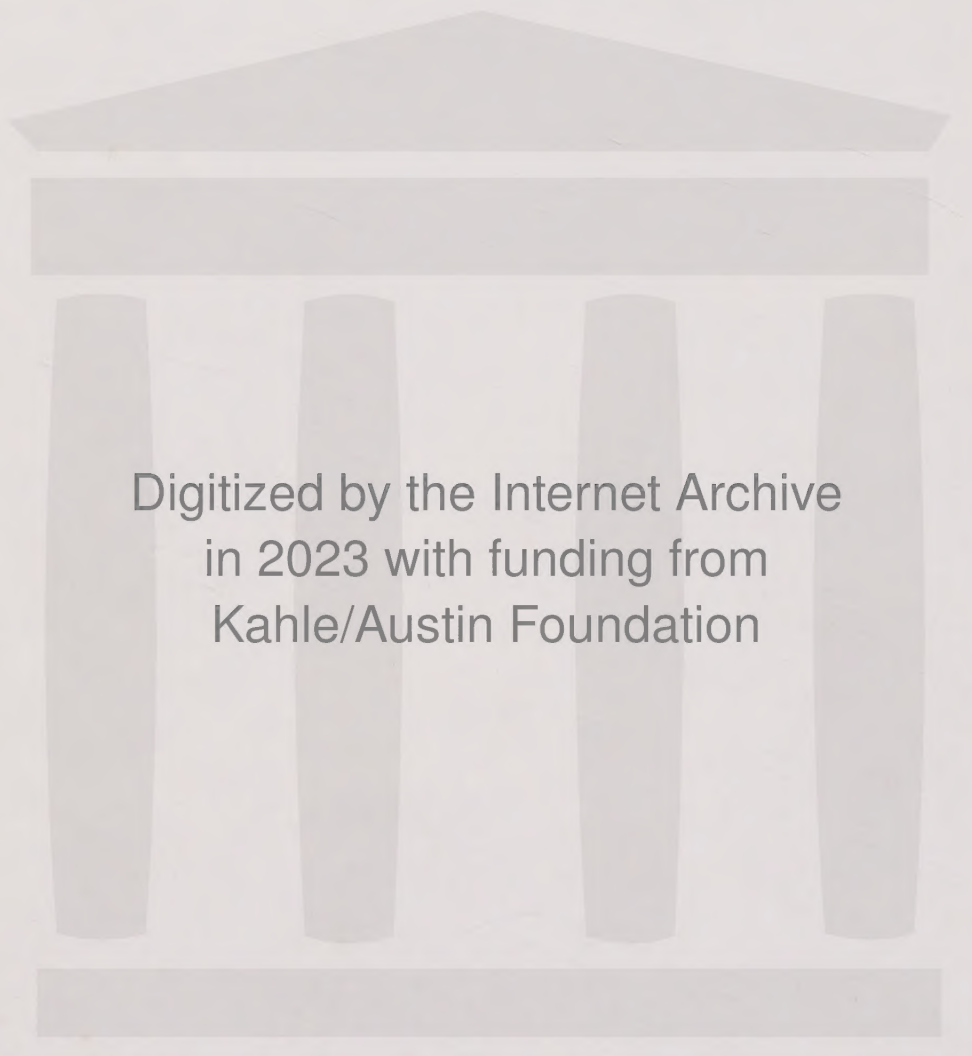
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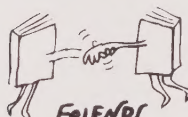
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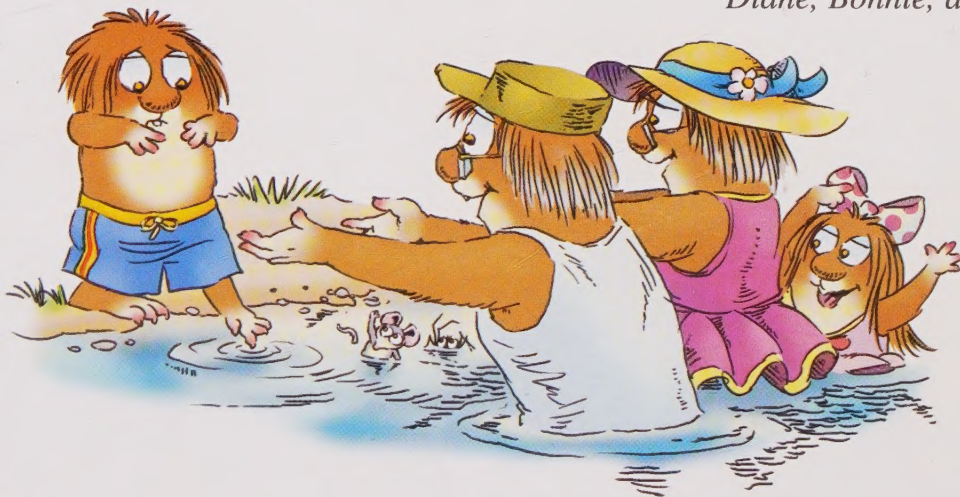
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JUST A DAY AT THE POND

BY MERCER MAYER


To the elves . . .

Diane, Bonnie, and Rita!



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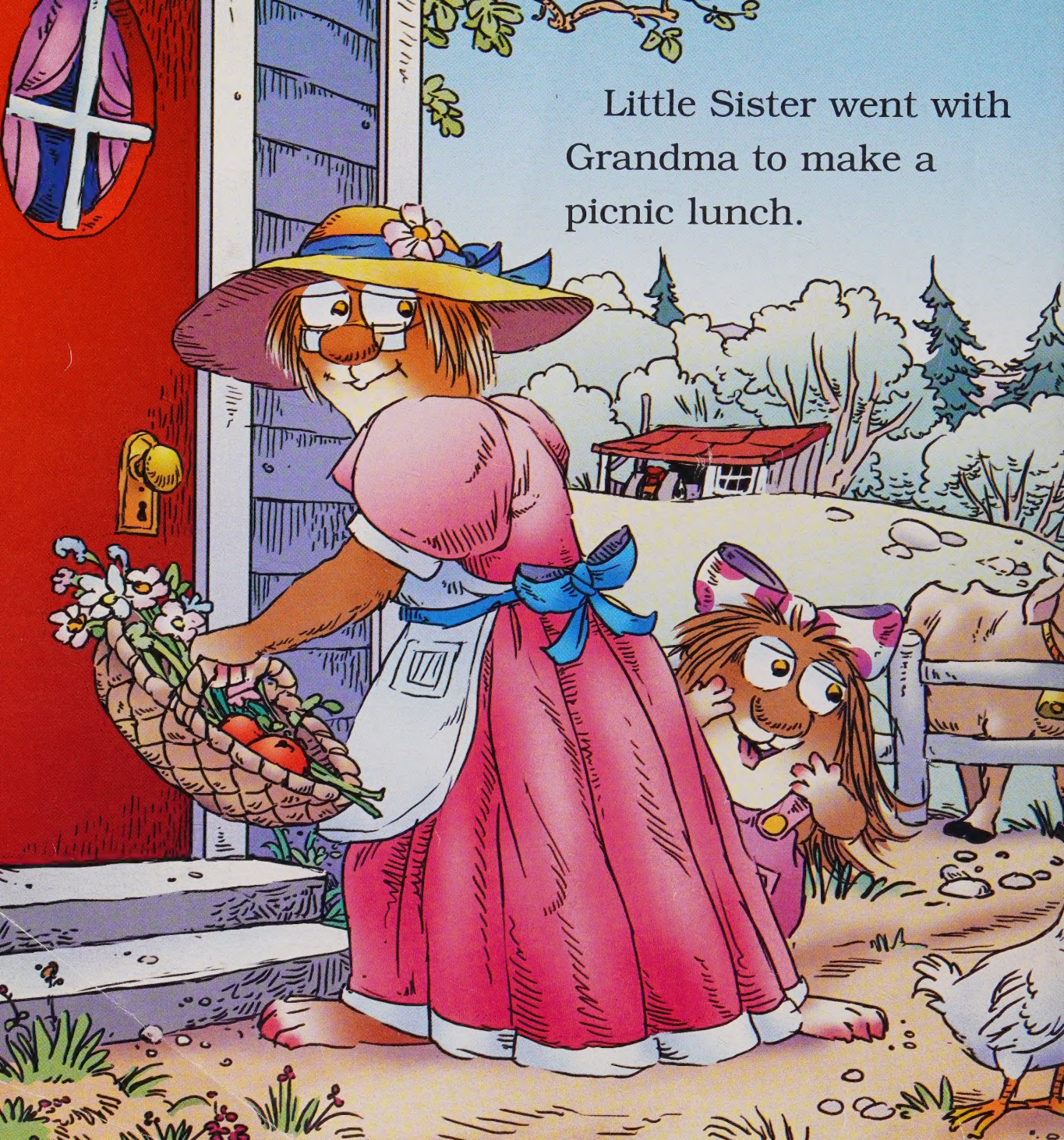
First Edition

I went to Grandma and Grandpa's to spend a day at the pond. Little Sister came, too. Mom and Dad were going shopping. They would pick us up later.





Little Sister went with
Grandma to make a
picnic lunch.



I went to the shed to pick
out some fishing poles with
Grandpa.





Grandpa put a wagon on the big tractor for us to ride to the pond. I drove, but not by myself.

We picked a great picnic spot. Little Sister wanted to go swimming, but I wanted to go fishing first.





I put a worm on the hook.
It was slimy.



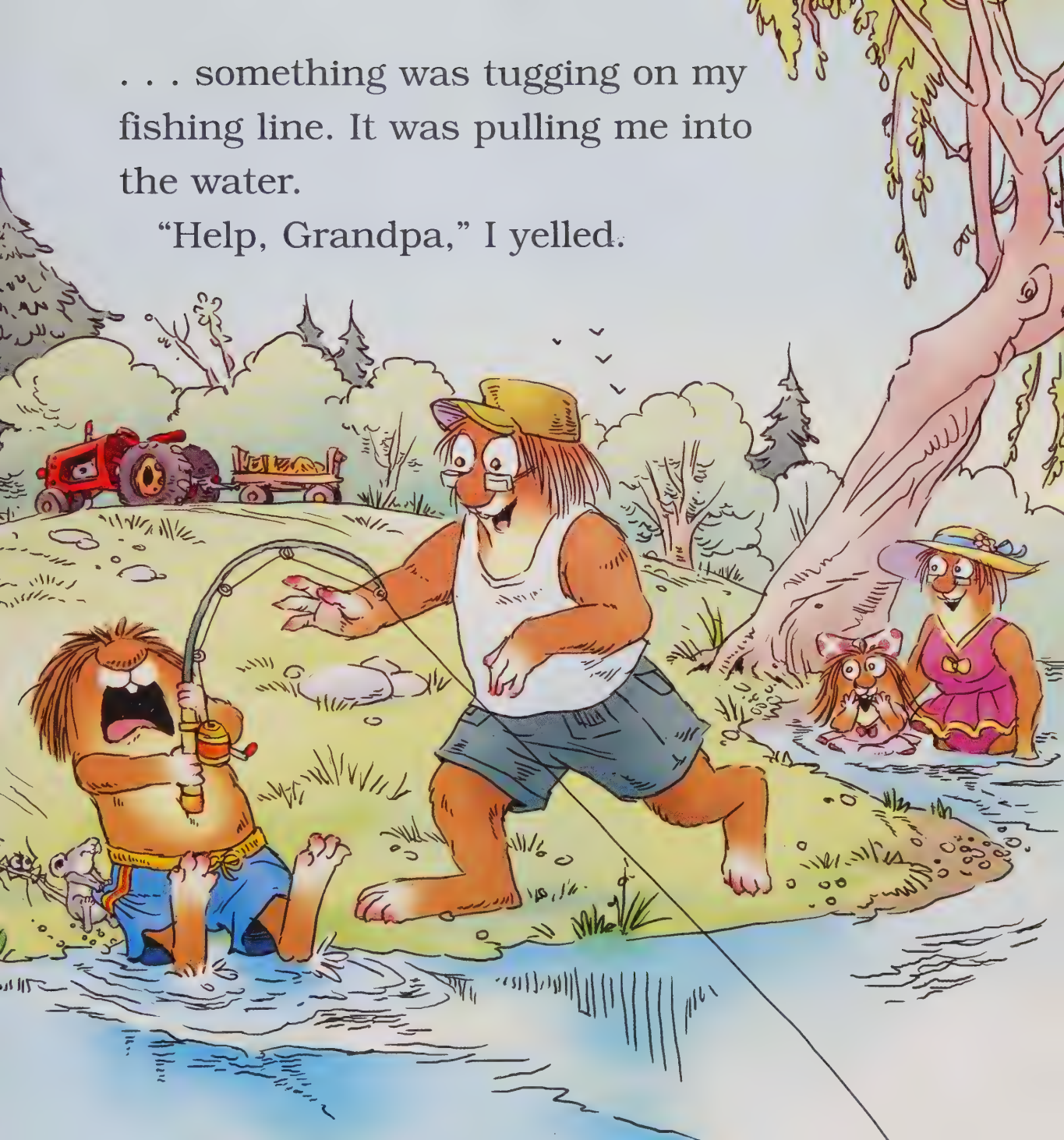
I waited and waited for
a fish to bite my worm.



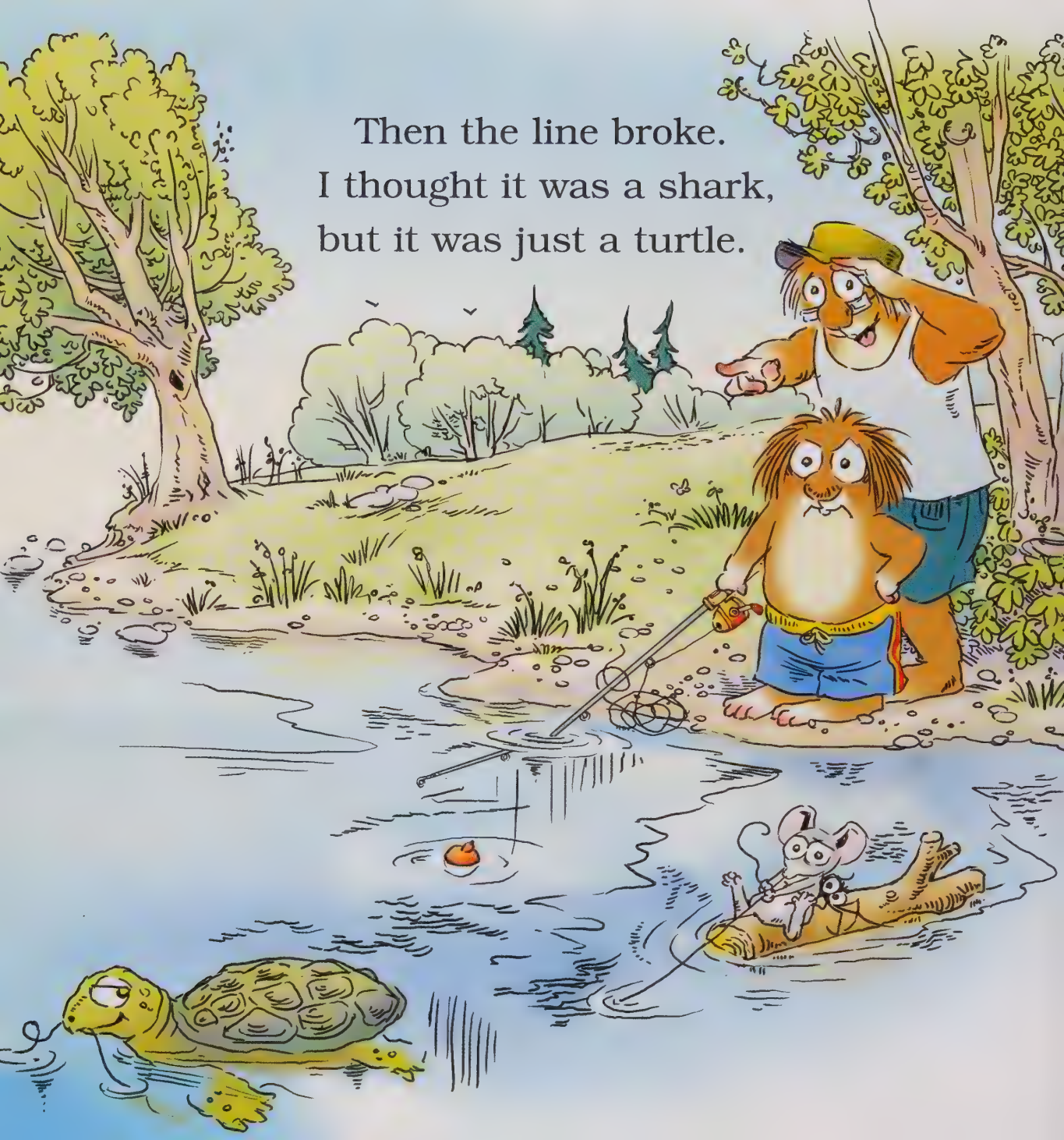
Suddenly . . .

... something was tugging on my fishing line. It was pulling me into the water.

"Help, Grandpa," I yelled.



Then the line broke.
I thought it was a shark,
but it was just a turtle.





Little Sister was swimming with Grandma.
“Teach me to swim, Grandpa,” I said.



I ran to the waters edge, but
then I changed my mind.





I wanted to catch frogs instead.



I found a bunch of frogs.



I snuck up on them very quietly.



But the frogs were too fast.

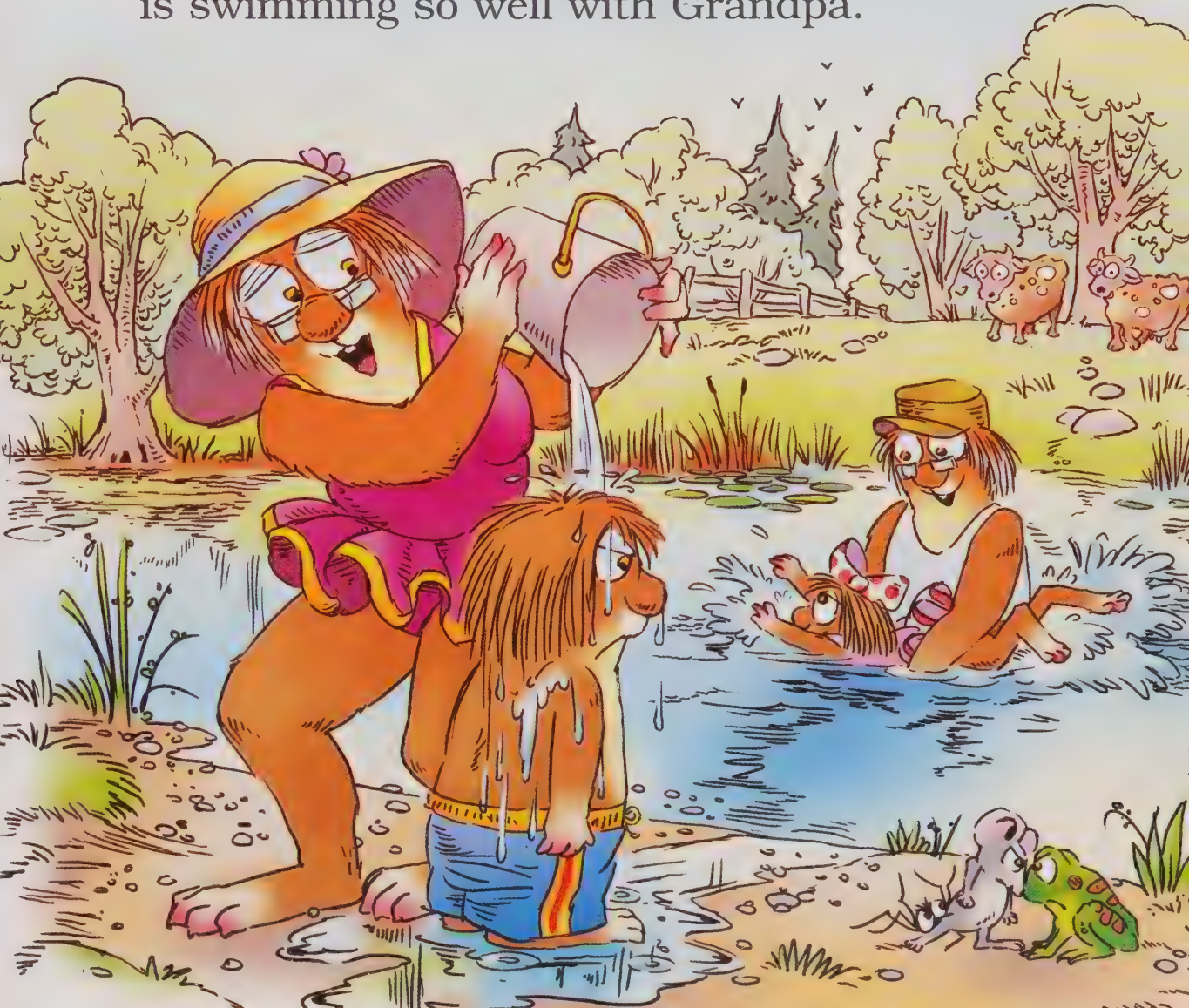




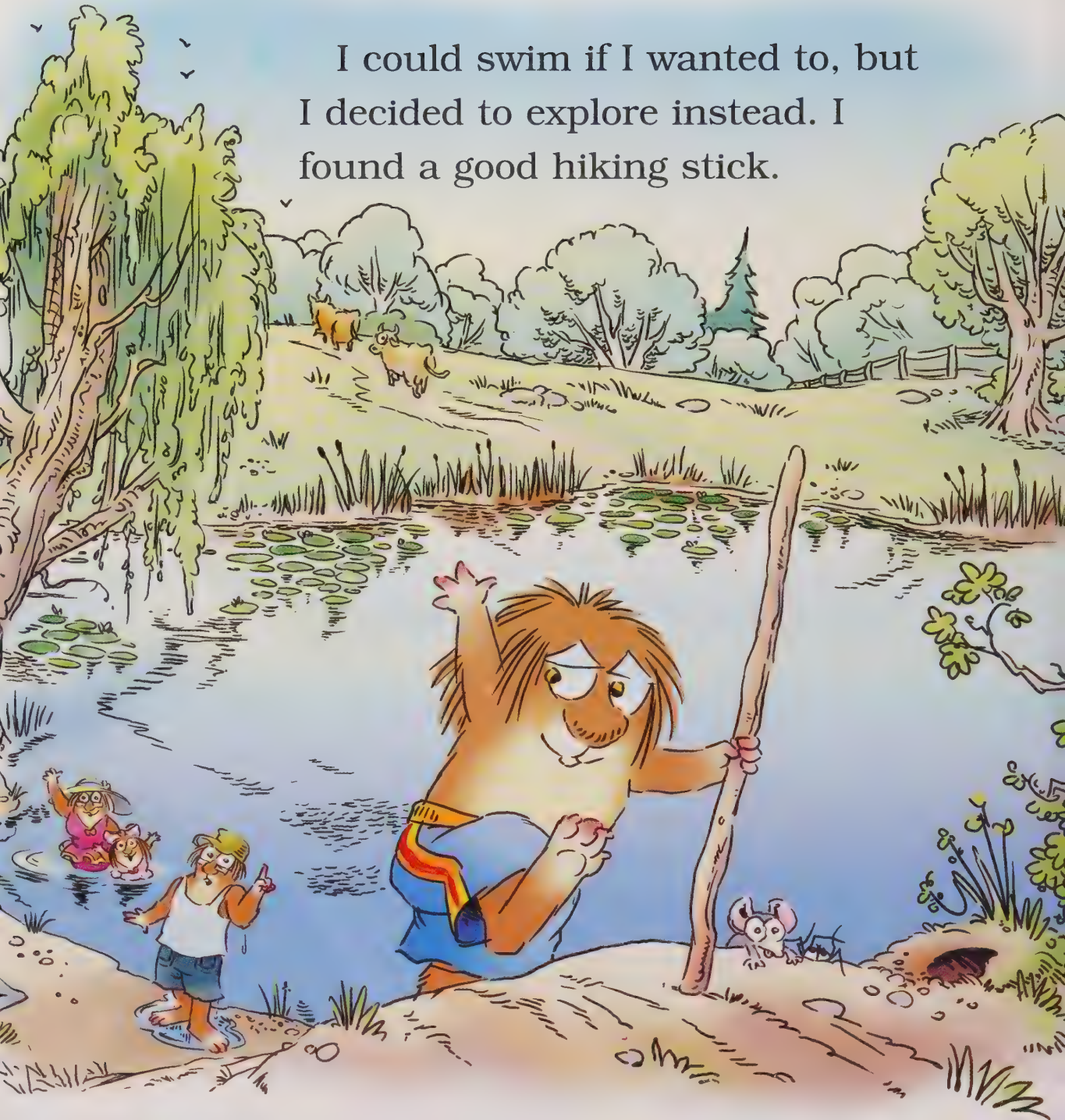
I was all muddy.

Grandma had to pour a million
buckets of water over me.

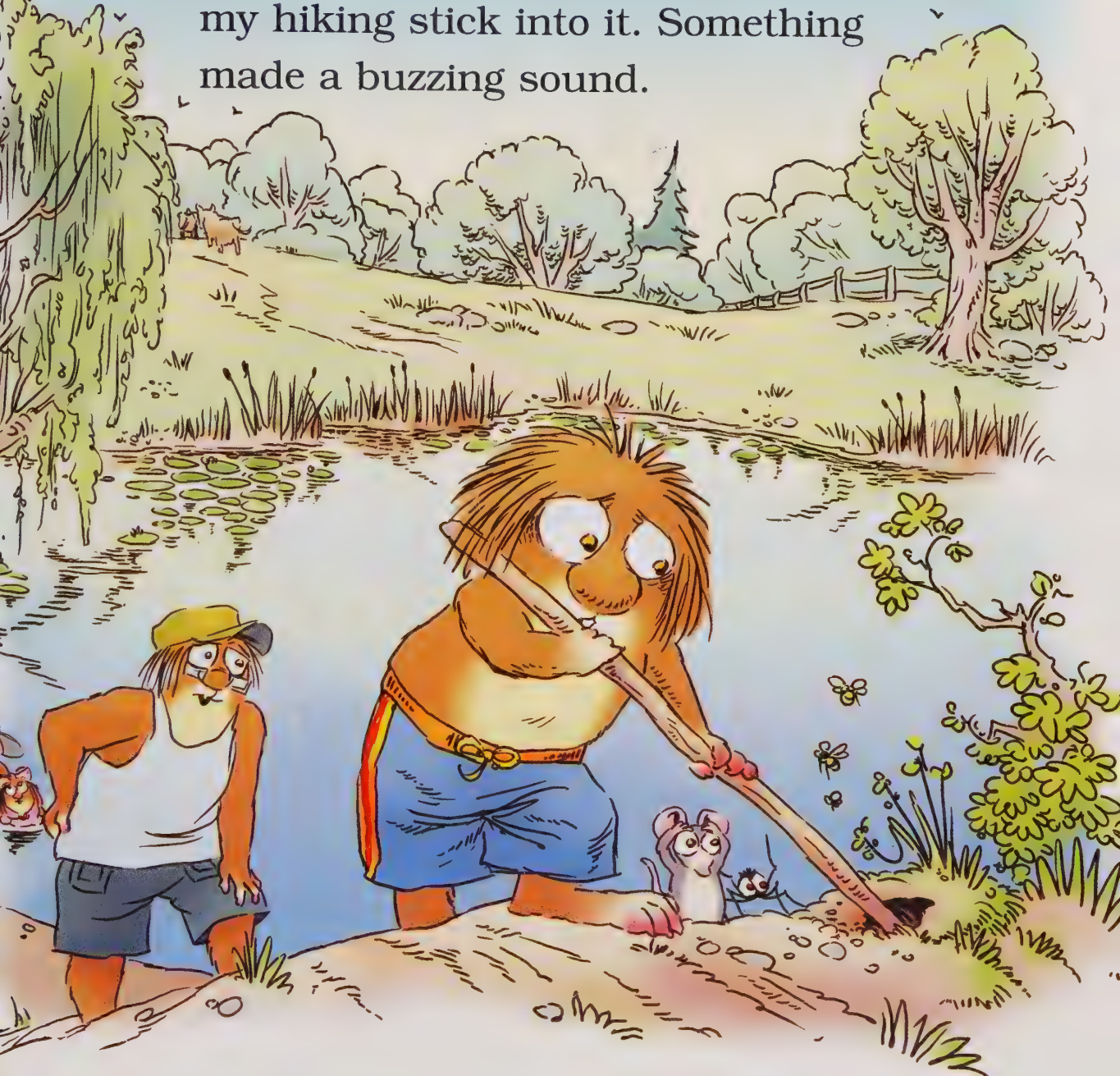
“Oh, look!” she said. “Little Sister
is swimming so well with Grandpa.”



I could swim if I wanted to, but
I decided to explore instead. I
found a good hiking stick.



I found a hole in the ground. I stuck
my hiking stick into it. Something
made a buzzing sound.



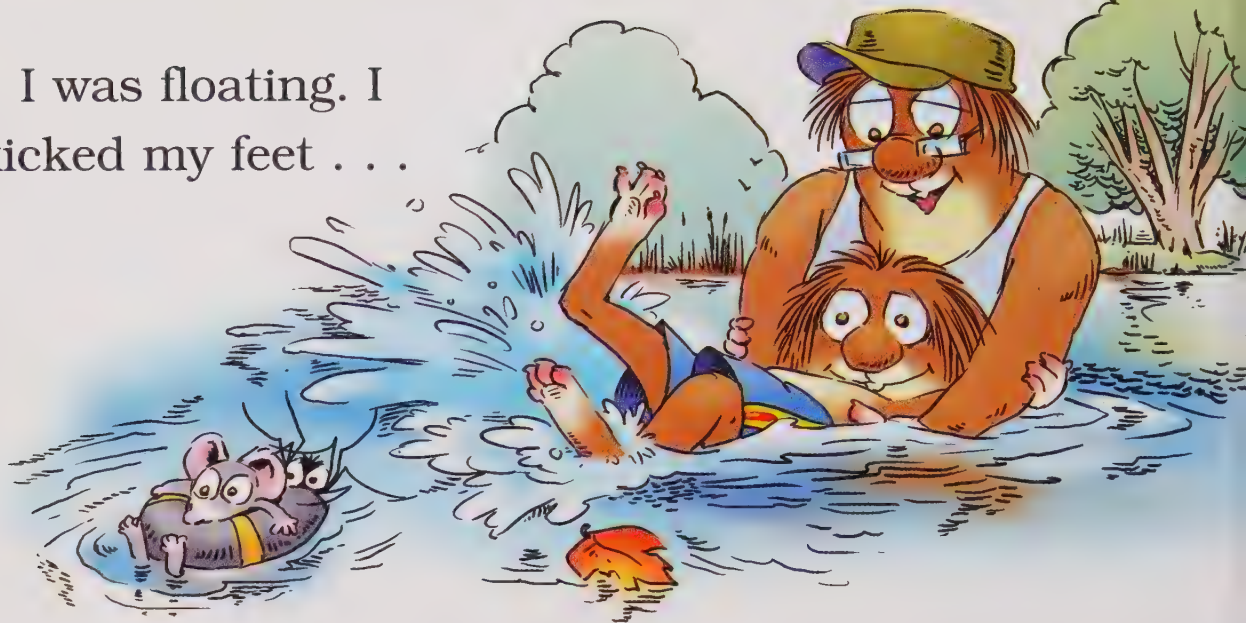


It was ground bees. I
ran as fast as I could.

Grandpa came and got me.
We jumped into the pond and
the bees went away.



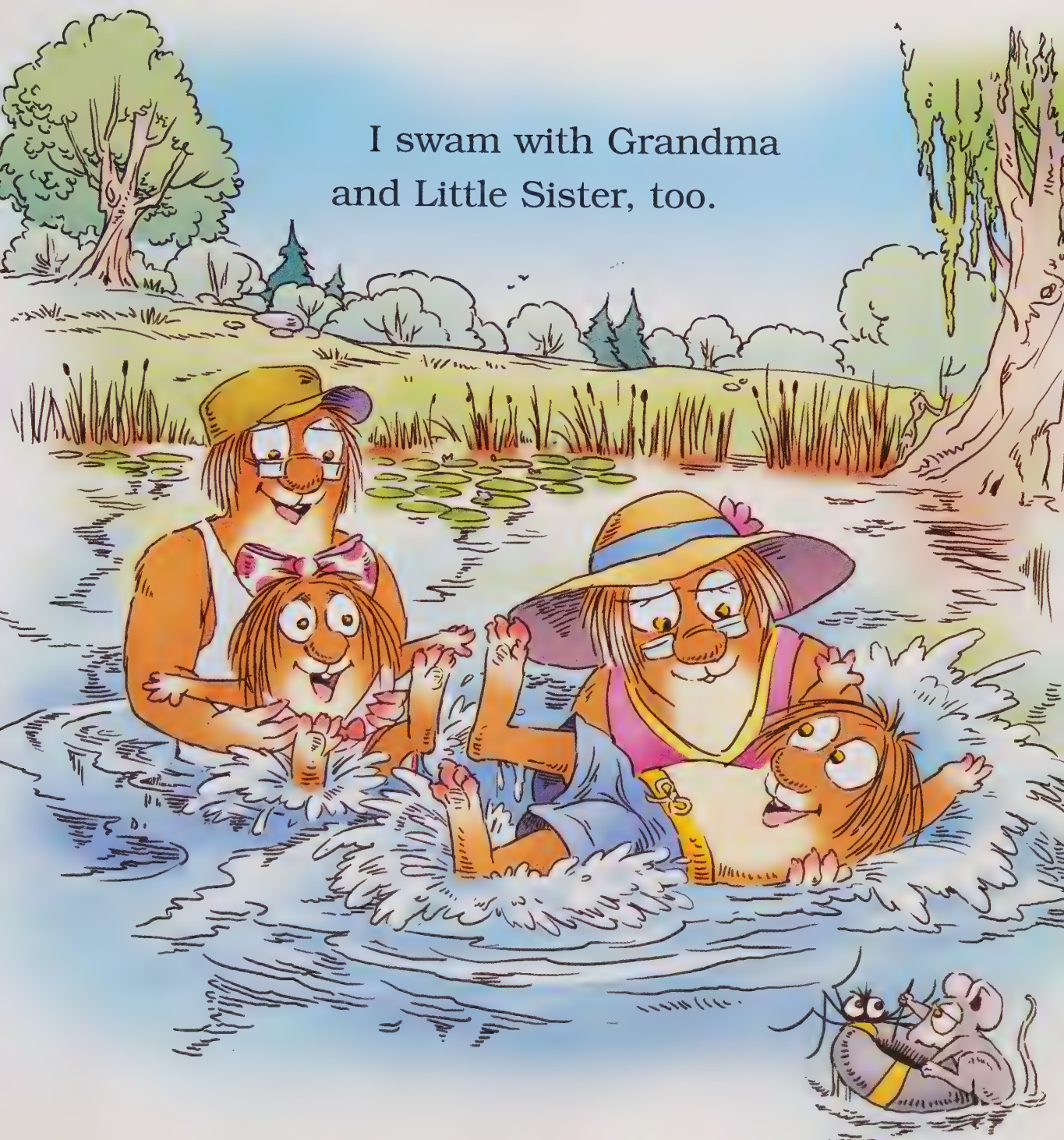
I was floating. I
kicked my feet . . .



. . . and paddled my arms
as fast as I could. I was
swimming with Grandpa.



I swam with Grandma
and Little Sister, too.

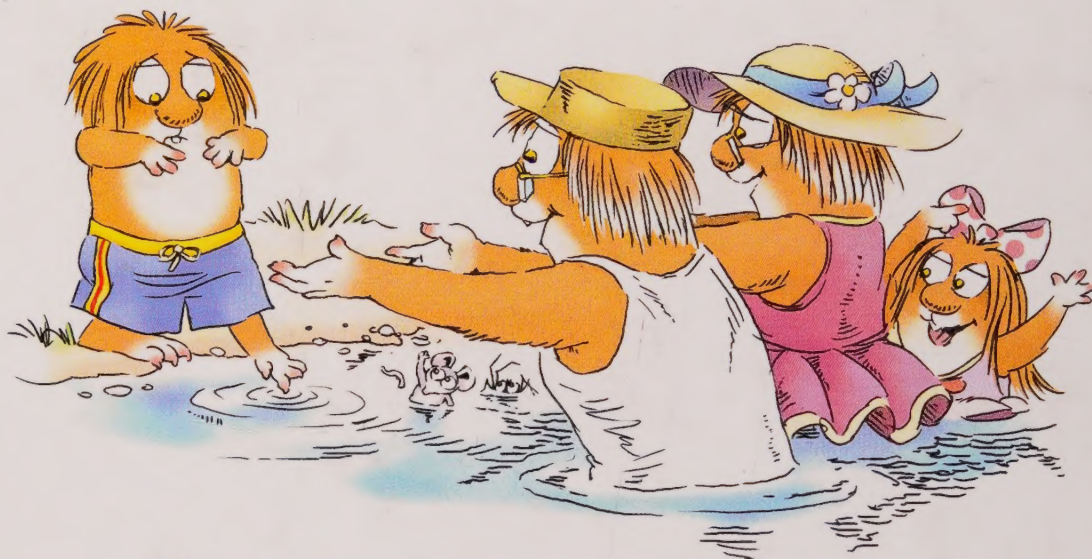




“Wow, Grandpa,” I said.
“I guess I can swim after all.”

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Summertime is here. Little Critter heads off for a day at his grandparents' farm. He loves to fish in the pond and collect frogs, but he *doesn't* love to swim. Little Critter doesn't really know how to swim. But with the help of some bees he's kicking and paddling like a pro.



www.littlecritter.com



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